

THE PIONEERS.
"Fools only wander from the broad highway."
So spake the multitude whose beat on track
Some poor soul's patient labor, ages back
Hewed from the living rock that there in they—
The children's children—might walk free to-day
Some poor unheeded sage with brain on rack
And heart on fire, thought nights that slumber lack,
Hearing strange voices that he must obey.
Heavily burdened, on from steep to steep,
To far-off wisdom the slow centuries creep;
Yet shall be reached that ultimate tableland
Where, high above the creeds, all men shall stand,
And clear discern—that over them doth sweep,
And their wide earth, the Shadow of a Hand.
—Cornhill Magazine.

A GHOST STORY.

On the outskirts of Hollerton, a large northern town, of some importance as a manufacturing center, there stood a few years ago a house of considerable size, which was commonly said to be haunted.
The last tenant and owner was Squire Dudley, to whom also belonged many broad acres in the district. At the age of 40 he married a girl of 17. Incompatibility of temper, it was said, led to frequent misunderstandings and quarrels; and angry voices, and sometimes screams, were heard proceeding from the dwelling. Two sons were born to the couple. The elder, soon after attaining his majority, went abroad to seek his fortune. Disagreements with his father and an inclination for a roaming life led to his decision. The younger turned out a good-for-nothing scapegrace. Having made serious inroads into his father's resources, and having rendered himself liable to penal servitude by embezzlement and forgery, he fled the neighborhood and country. Then everything in that household went swiftly to rack and ruin; and one winter, about Christmas time, Squire Dudley and his wife mysteriously disappeared. After a brief interval, the creditors took possession, stripped the house of its contents, leaving only a little lumber; and from that day to the time of which I write, rats, spiders and the reputed ghosts were its only occupants. According to common report no human foot had crossed its threshold for at least ten years.
The gossip of the neighborhood teemed with accounts of the awful sounds that had been heard issuing from the building. Groans, shrieks and piteous wails, unlike any that had ever come from human lips, broke upon the midnight darkness. The bell, that seemed to sob and moan, had scared many a traveler into rapid flight.
Such was the story narrated to a little convivial party, in which I was included, seated around the smoking room fire of the Crown Hotel, Hollerton, on the 23d of December, 18—.
The party consisted of two London connoisseurs, both of them friends of mine; a rich grocer, who related the story; the leading draper of the town, and myself—Tom Smith.
The grocer thoroughly believed in the "spiritual manifestations," as he termed the doing of the ghost. The other men were slightly skeptical; as for myself, I utterly and emphatically pooch-hoed everything attributed to the ghost.
"Well," said the grocer, with a warmth, "Ah wouldn't spend a night in that hawsome place for a thousand pun!"
He had been decidedly nettled at the ridicule I had thrown on the absurd alarms of the people, and now leaned forward in my direction and, with his hands firmly grasping his knees, said: "Now, Master Smith, and what a you got to say? What's your figure, coom now?"
"I am prepared," I answered much to the grocer's consternation, "to spend to-morrow night—Christmas eve—in that house alone, on condition that you and the other gentlemen guarantee that the sum of £100 be paid me on Christmas day."
It is needless to detail the discussion that ensued. At last a document was drawn up and signed by all present to the effect that was to receive the sum named on carrying out my part of the agreement. I bargained for a chair, bedstead, bedding and blankets, a parcel of sandwiches and a flask of whisky.
I arranged the bedstead in the corner of my chamber, and with the aid of the piece of skirting board and two heaps of plaster, made a rough stand on which to place the candlestick.
I vetted my lips with the contents of the flask, made myself comfortable on the bed and took from my pocket the best tonic I know of for low spirits—"Pickwick."
After two or three hours reading I felt drowsy, ate a sandwich, resorted to the flask, and went off into a troubled slumber.
I awoke in a fright. A moaning and wailing greeted my ears. It came during a lull in the wind, and sent a tremor through my blood.
A stray rat skudded across the floor and disappeared down some convenient hole. I hope devoutly he was not a scout sent from headquarters to reconnoiter.
Like a timid school girl I pulled the blankets over my head and tried to woe roope.
The wind increased to a fitful gale. It came in sudden terrific blasts, lashing the back of the house, shaking the foundation, hissing and growling through gaping holes and a thousand crevices. Once or twice the house seemed to rock, and plaster fell to the floor with a thud. I began to fear that the whole crazy fabric would collapse and I would be buried in the ruins. Yet I felt I dare not leave that room, even to save my life.
I looked at my watch. It was nearly 11. Just as I took up my "Pickwick" again, the bell rang out three or four times. Each stroke

seemed a groan of anguish. Was this my deathknell? Was something awful about to happen to me?
Again, that wailing, unearthly wailing! Was there actually some lost, wandering spirit, escaped from purgatory, inhabiting the house? I listened for many minutes; and then, above the howling wind, a sound reverberated through the house which I shall never forget. It was like the piteous expiring cry of some poor soul in direst agony. It was no blast of wind, nor knell from the bell above, nor gibberings and mutterings of ghosts and goblins. It was human!
My blood ran cold; my teeth chattered; I trembled from head to foot. A presentiment of an appalling encounter with a creature of appalling aspect unnerved me.
It was now 2 o'clock. Six hours more of this horrible suspense!
There was a noise of footsteps overhead, followed by an outcry, like a dog baying at the moon. The wind at intervals, still lashed against the house; and at every gust I thought my end had come.
I lay down and wrapped myself in the blankets, hoping to dispel the shivering sensation that ran through me. A prolonged wail and loud sob!
I must make an effort to search the house, and find from whom these noises came.
Merciful powers! I could not move. I was losing the use of my limbs! I fell into a semi-unconscious state. It was not sleep, it was more like a fearful nightmare without sleep. All strength forsook me. I felt utterly powerless paralyzed in every limb. The sense of hearing vanished. My eyes were closed against my will; I could not open them. All that I was conscious of was a sensation of the utmost terror. I thought I was dying, or passing into another state or another world. Presently I felt something touching my neck, like cold, icy fingers or cold steel. Then, before my closed eyes there seemed to be a glowing light. I tried to speak; but my tongue clave to my mouth. Again those icy fingers at my neck! My coat and linen about my neck were being unfastened! I suddenly emerged from my torpid condition saw the candle falling to the floor and the figure of a gaunt, withering creature leaving the room. The figure was clothed, as it seemed, in a tattered gray garment, and over her shoulders long, white hair streamed. It was but a momentary glance I had, for the candle was extinguished as it touched the floor.
I sprang to my feet. The bell again rang thrice. Then all was silent, save for the fitful wind. I groped about for the matches but could not find them. I raised my hand to my neck, expecting to find trickling blood; but there were no signs of any wound. At that moment I heard a low plaintive voice on the landing—"That wound that scar, it is there!" I felt again at my neck, but with the same result as before. I groped about frantically for the matches, but in vain.
After a few minutes the voice spoke a second time on the landing or on the stairs. It muttered two words, repeated thrice at intervals:—"The Resurrection! The Resurrection! The Resurrection!"
The words rose and fell with a mournful cadence, mingled with terror and helplessness, and gradually died away as the speaker withdrew to a distance.
I stepped softly to the landing. It was in pitch darkness. I dared not move either to the upper or lower rooms without a light to guide me.
I returned to my chamber sat on the side of the bed, and listened for further sounds. Surely, I thought, I was strong enough to cope with the apparition, however murderous its intentions might be. Why should I succumb to cowardice?
I heard the boards creak in the room above me, then low mutterings, as if coming from two or three voices—next, a steady footstep pacing to and fro, ceasing for a moment, and renewed on the stairs, nearer and nearer the footstep advanced. Horror! that torpid sensation was stealthily creeping over me again, which I felt powerless to resist! There was a glimmer of a light through the half-open door, the footsteps abruptly stopped, a loud though treacherous voice peened and echoed through the house: "Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"
The voice recalled my ebbsing senses. A thousand thoughts surged my brain. Was I really a human being, or had I passed into a transition state, bordering on the world of spirits?
Again that voice—"Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"
I started to my feet and made my way to the landing; and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood the woman clad in gray, a candle held aloft in one hand and a framed portrait of a youth in the other. I gazed in speechless, awe-struck amazement, for I beheld in that ashen withered face—my own mother!
I was, indeed, Richard Dudley, the elder son of the squire.
The meeting was, indeed, like a resurrection to both of us. I prefer to draw a veil over much that passed between us from the moment of recognition to the time my friends returned. My mother led the way to a small attic chamber, lighted by a window in the roof. Out of boxes and other lumber, left behind by the creditors, she had contrived to form a table and a rough bedstead. And here, seceded from the world, she had lived in solitude, as I afterwards learned, for seven or eight years. It was many days before I could obtain a coherent outline of her sad history. She had gone to the South with my father—both of them broken down in health and fortune. When every avenue for finding a means of livelihood seemed shut out, my father destroyed himself.
Then my mother, friendless and distracted with grief, and her mental faculties undermined, conceived a longing to return to the old house and die there. At length, unknown to any one, she managed to find her way down to the Grange and settled down in that attic chamber.
About once a month, on a Saturday night, my mother was in the habit of going, thickly veiled to Hollerton to procure provisions. Her mode of egress was down a narrow staircase, outside the attic, leading to the stable yard, and which must have been constructed after my departure from home. Avoiding the main road,

and never entering into conversation with any one she contrived to preserve her place of retreat a profound secret. To evade observation she had always prepared her food during the night (sleeping in the daytime) so that the smoking chimney might not betray her presence. The fuel she used was wood work, broken away from the house itself.
My mother suffered from aberrations and delusions; and after night-fall, she usually gave vent to her inconsolable grief at the loss of her husband, children and worldly goods, in piteous cries and lamentations. When she awoke from her slumbers that Christmas eve, she suspected some one had intruded into the house. After a long search she discovered me in the very room where I was born!—The Westminster Budget.
The Kitchen of Other Days.
The old-fashioned kitchen has been the throne of poets and troubadours for ages. Its sanded and spotless floors, scoured as clean as boards could be, its tables and dresser equally well kept and decorated with mullin curtains daintily frilled and fluted, the chimney corney and easy chair where so many hours dear to memory have been spent. The old clock with the rising moon in the space above the dial smiled and frowned as the inmates improved the time or wasted it, was an ever-present friend and faithful monitor. The chintz-covered settee, the flag or slat-bottomed chairs, the brick hearth carefully gone over with Venetian red and skim milk, and the great fireplace with its logs and embers, its wide throat and its comprehensive possibilities in the way of freezing and burning, according as one was far from its raging flame or sat at a respectful near-by distance, endeavoring to keep warm on all sides at once.
Into the wide-mouthed brick oven went bread, brown and white and rye and Indian, and at the close of baking day, side by side on the pantry shelves were ranged the crisp loaves, with great cakes of gingerbread, pumpkin pies, pans of brown doughnuts and jars of toothsome cookies, and the delicious accompaniment of the old-time Indian pudding and smoking, savory-baked beans. Condiments and preserves have driven the wholesome baked pudding away from its old-time place; the cooking schools and the chef have brought us something more modern than cookies; our pumpkin pies—alas, that we should have to say it—made of squash, and there is sawdust stuffing in most of our domestic dolls. For the march of improvement has swept out the old-fashioned oven and the pumpkin pie, and the modern range and the squash have rushed in to fill the vacuum.
How well these substitutes answer the end is a question upon which good authorities differ. There is much to be said in favor of modern improvements, but many of the sons and daughters of men find their thoughts turning backward toward the long ago, and they wonder if anywhere in this wide world there is a place so bright and cheery and attractive as the old homestead kitchen.—New York Ledger.
Coreans Built the First Ironclad.
The Coreans are credited with constructing the first ironclad, and it is said the vessel is still in existence. In 1831 it was described as follows by Ensign Foulke of the Navy, in a report from Seoul: "The old navy consisted of junks, which were armed with grapnels, punching pikes, and small firearms. At present there are no vessels kept for war purposes at all. During the last war with the Japanese in 1819 an iron-turtle-backed vessel was built by the Coreans, and very successfully used against the Japanese wooden junks. From ports under the turtle back grapnels were thrown on the Japanese junks, which were then capized or sunk by having holes punched in them. This ironclad is still in existence at Yong Yon; it is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, ironclad in the world."
One to the Stutterer.
A stutterer went into a tavern the other day, and there met a few friends. They began chaffing him respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one pert little fellow, who had made himself the most conspicuous of the lot by his impertinent remarks, said:—"Well, old man, I'll bet you sodas and brandies all around you can't order them without stammering."
"D-d-d-d," was the unexpected answer, and to the astonishment of the bystanders, all of whom were unaware of his being, as he often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer, he beckoned the waiter, and sang out the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning to his tormentor, he said:—"N-a-n-now y-y-you e-can p-p-pay!"—The Bits.
Air a Good Non-Conductor.
"We have proved to our satisfaction," said an aker of water-coolers, "that just plain air is as good a non-conductor of heat as we can easily obtain. We made three refrigerators exactly alike, save that one was packed with sawdust, one with charcoal and the other provided with an air-jacket. Then we put into each a chunk of ice, the three being equal in weight and as nearly as possible similar in texture. The three were left over night and next morning by far the largest chunk of ice was found in the cooler with the air jacket.—New York Sun.
A Generous and Thoughtful Wife.
The Husband—"Well, dearest, did you get your hat?"
The Wife (just home from shopping)—"Yes, darling, and it is a beauty, and just think, it cost only \$22. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the money and for your kindness I have bought you a new necktie. It is very pretty, isn't it?"
The Husband—"It is indeed, darling. What did you pay for it?"
The Wife (blushing)—"It isn't the cost that makes the thing valuable, you know, but the spirit in which it is given. It cost 17 cents.—New York Press.

Peculiar Suicide at Akron.
Henry D. Tolley, one of the most prominent young men socially in Akron, a traveling salesman was engaged for a year past to Miss Gertrude Lewis, the daughter of Judge George W. Lewis. Recently Miss Lewis took Tolley to task for making a misleading representation regarding his business and the engagement was in jeopardy. Tolley arrived from a New York trip and requested an interview with Miss Lewis at his mother's home. They talked the matter over, without relenting on the part of Miss Lewis. Tolley then went to another room and returning with a bottle of chloroform and a handkerchief, succeeded in placing the latter, saturated with the drug, over the young lady's face. She became partly unconscious and he carried her to an upper room. Miss Lewis was aroused by the position she found herself in and after a brief, wild struggle, escaped from him and ran down into the street. There she met a mail carrier and asked for his protection. He entered the house and meeting Tolley in a lower room demanded to know what he meant by his actions. Tolley placed a revolver over his own heart and fired. He died at once.
Escape of Lynching, but May Get It Yet.
At Dalton, a village north of Massillon, O., an attempt was made to lynch a man named Weimer. The rope was adjusted and the fellow jerked off his feet, but cooler heads persuaded the mob to spare his life. Weimer confessed that his wife and daughter had tried to burn the house, which was owned by Edward Houghton, proprietor of the Dalton pottery. Houghton had discharged Weimer and the latter swore vengeance. Dalton people are positive that Weimer applied the match that burned the business portion of the village and rendered 40 families homeless just a month ago. Weimer will be held for trial, and if convicted of firing the town he will be lynched without delay.
NEWS ITEMS.
A hurricane has devastated the banana plantations of Cuba.
The W. C. T. U. in Chicago have begun a crusade against the exhibition of "living pictures."
Mrs. McClure and her daughter were fatally burned by the explosion of a gasline stove at Yellow Springs, O.
An unknown man was held up and murdered by tramps at Elkhart, Ind. The murderers escaped on a freight train.
The Crago papers declare that the czar's debility and depressed spirits are regarded as being more serious than a specific disease.
Miss Nellie S. Campbell, a veteran school teacher of Grand Rapids, inhaled chloroform to relieve a headache and got an overdose. She may recover.
Two men were killed in the Illinois Steel works at Chicago and five injured by the explosion of a steam-pipe. The recovery of the injured is doubtful.
The residence of B. B. Pierce, of Wilmet, Wis., was destroyed by fire. Three sons with ages ranging from 25 to 35 years, and a daughter 18 years old perished.
A typhoon has swept over Hong Kong. Much damage was done among the small craft in the harbor. One of these vessels was sunk and all hands were drowned.
Fire at Adel, Ia., consumed the opera house and a number of other buildings in the business portion. Loss, \$75,000 to \$100,000; insurance, half. Fifteen horses were cremated.
Passenger train No. 35, of the Atlanta & West Point road, tumbled from the high trestle over Osnappa creek, a few miles beyond West Point, Ga., and seven persons were badly injured.
Capt. Charles A. Sawyer died at Port Townsend, Wash. He had commanded of the bark Orpheus 29 years ago when she collided with and sunk the steamer Pacific off Cape Flattery, entailing a loss of nearly 400 lives.
The czar, the czarina, the czarewitch, of Russia, the Grand Duke George and Michael of Greece left Spala for Livadia in the Crimea, where it is expected that the czar will stand a better chance of recovering from his sickness.
John Bugdanius, aged 16, was instantly killed, and Peter La Soutski, aged 35, was fatally injured by an explosion of gas in the Maple Hill mines, at Ashland, Pa. The explosion was caused by the careless handling of a safety lamp.
George Helmindinger, a well-to-do farmer, three miles southwest of Manchester, has been suffering with erysipelas and physicians announce that his case has culminated in small pox. A large number of friends who visited him are in great fear.
Washington: A letter received here from a gentleman who is very close to Senator Hill says that the senator will unquestionably resign his seat in the senate before the election, believing that he will stand better with the people without an office behind him.
A west bound fast freight on the Rock Island jumped the track, near Seymour, Ia. Twenty freight cars followed the engine into the gorge and Engineer Gerald Nolen, Fireman Marshall Lower and brakeman Charles E. Dempsey were instantly killed. Conductor Sam Van Hook was injured.
A dispatch from Grenada, Nicaragua, says: "A terrible catastrophe has occurred here. The military barracks had been blown up and a whole quarter of the city has been badly damaged. The number of dead is estimated at 200. The number of wounded is much greater, but no exact estimate is yet obtainable."
In Boston are the headquarters of the Ramabai association, whose purpose it is to rescue child widows in India. This society is flourishing, and reports an income of \$61,784.
The shah of Persia, is a photographer of no mean skill. In his travels about his domain he carries with him a camera, which he uses on any bit of landscape striking his fancy.
Virtue is not always its own sole reward. James Haysman, a New York expressman, who found on the street a check for \$30,000, payable to Russell Sage, took it to his office and received a \$1 bill for his honesty.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

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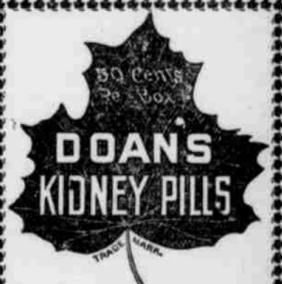
That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

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Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."

HERE AND THERE.

Glory is the food of fools.
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.
Nothing is absolute except nothing.
Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, gives freshness and cleanness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25c. 50c. \$1.
A universal favorite is likely to die alone.
Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.
Whoever one loves most, the other is the tyrant.
If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.
Individual independence is close kin to selfishness.
Woman will take advantage of an opportunity; man will take the opportunity.
My physician said I could not live, my liver out of order, frequently vomited greenish mucus, skin yellow, small dry humors on face, stomach would not retain food. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me. Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, 373 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y.
"I wonder," said Mr. Wedderford, "if there is anything in the theory that sunlight will cure baldness? I have half a notion to try it." "I don't believe there is anything in it," responded Mrs. Wedderford. "You have been right in the glare of the footlights for more than ten years, and the closer you sit the baldier you get."
FOR COLDS, CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS and SORE THROAT, USE DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, AND GET THE GENUINE.
Charity is the cream on the milk of human kindness.
Quincy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, 1883.
Suggests is oftener commended than it is commendable.
Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That cough is a signal of danger. The safest cure is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.
Love is the pictures in a book; friendship is the reading matter.
That Joyful Feeling
With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.
Love is a game in which the jack-pot is not to be overlooked.
\$100 Reward \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills 50c.
Playing cards were introduced into Europe by a crusader about 1390 to amuse Charles IV., king of France, who had fallen into a gloomy state of mind bordering on madness.
Bells were first placed in churches about 400 A. D. They were used, not to call the worshippers to service, but to be rung on the approach of storms, to prevent the "Prince of the Power of the Air" from smiting the sacred edifice with lightning.



2 POINTS.

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